



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07604325 0

# CAP'N TITUS CLAY EMERY





40.

CAP'N TITUS

✓  
A. 15







702 2200 N - Dec 10/1920

SM

# CAP'N TITUS

---

SKETCHES OF  
NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY  
FOLK

By CLAY EMERY  
*of, Mayo, Clayton*

---



---

NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
MCMII



*Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Company*

**First Impression, October, 1902**

**Second Impression, Dec., 1902**

**2804**

ALBANY  
NEW YORK  
1902

**DEDICATION TO**

*My dear Father, to whom I am  
indebted for many of the  
anecdotes herein  
chronicled*





## Contents

	Page
I. The Captain's Ride . . . .	1
II. A Remarkable Shot . . . .	11
III. Captain Titus Sells Some Apples	17
IV. Uncle Silas on Baked Beans . .	25
V. Captain Titus's Eel Story . .	33
VI. A Whaling Yarn . . . . .	41
VII. A Deep Sea Yarn . . . . .	49
VIII. Captain Titus's Horse Trade .	55
IX. A Stomach Pump Story . . .	67
X. Captain Titus's Bread Foot . .	75
XI. Captain Titus Goes Yachting .	79



---

*The Captain's Ride*





## *The Captain's Ride*

“**W**A-AL, Cap’n Titus, is it you?” said Mrs. Huckins as she opened the kitchen door in answer to a knock and surveyed the captain, who was armed with a lantern, a tin foghorn, and a small coil of rope.

“It be, sartin sure,” said the Captain. “Where’s Hez: is he tu hum? Cause ef he is, I want tu git him tu help me drive er load o’ hoss beddin’ down tu the village.”

“Fer lands’ sake, Cap’n Titus,” said Mrs. Huckins. “What be ye doin’ with er load o’ beddin’ this time o’ night?”

“Wa-al, ye see,” said the Captain, “Joe Peeney was delayed down in the medder till late and hed a hard time gettin’ off the flats ’count o’ his havin’ such a heavy load



## CAP'N TITUS

---

and time he got up tu the house 'twas dark, and as he hed tu be down tu thet 'lection meetin' at Hicksville t'night he ast me if I wouldn't drive his team hum, and I 'lowed I would if I could git Hez tu go 'long with me."

Hez was home and he and the Captain were soon walking across the fields to where Joe's horse stood tied to a fence at the side of the road.

"Tell ye what 'tiz, Hez," said the Captain. "I wouldn't think o' nav'gatin' this ere craft 'thout you tu steer. It's darker'n Egypt, so I brought 'long this ere lantern so's tu hev some signal sot and this foghorn in case it comes up thick and a heavin' line's allus handy."

"Right ye be," said Hez, as he mounted the load.

"Now then, Hez, you take them ere sheet lines and I'll cast off fur'rud here," said the Captain. "There ye be, all clear. Now up

## THE CAPTAIN'S RIDE

---

hellum and git the craft intu the middle o' the road and I'll come 'board."

The Captain was soon seated beside Hez on the load of salt grass. It was certainly dark and the Captain was for taking his bearings and soundings every few minutes, to see if they were keeping her in the best water, as he expressed it, just as though he was on board his coasting schooner. Suddenly the wagon gave an awful jolt, almost unseating the Captain from his perch. "Hard down, Hez," he yelled, as a stone wall loomed up from the side of the road. "Thunderation, yer be clean out o' the chan-nel and we're darn near afoul o' this ere breakwater. By thunder, thet was a narrer squeak," said the Captain as they were once more in the centre of the road, "Does seem's though this craft carried sorter a lee hellum or else we're lee bowin' ther tide."

The faint tones of the steeple clock in

## CAP'N TITUS

---

the village suddenly smote the Captain's ears. "Hez," said the Captain, "it ain't the bell buoy off Monomoy, is it?"

"No, no 'tain't," said Hez. "We be right in the chan-nel now, I'm sartin. Reckon it must be the clock on the Baptist meetin' house."

"Ye-us, I guess 'tiz," said the Captain, with a sigh of relief. "But let's jest keep her sails full and thet's all, cause if we git tu much headway on, we may run 'foul o' somethin' anchored 'round here."

Suddenly two bright lights loomed up on top of a hill about half a mile away and the Captain was alert in a moment.

"Hez, yonder be a craft a-comin' with tew lights 'parently sot fur'rud. What in thunder can she be?"

"Wa-al, I dunno," replied Hez, as they heard a toot, toot, toot. "Reckon it must be a steam craft."

"Wa-al, whatever she be," said the Cap-

## THE CAPTAIN'S RIDE

---

tain, raising his horn, "I'll signal him tu pass tu starbud," and he blew a lusty blast. Toot, toot, came the answer from the "auto," which was fast approaching.

"Hellcats and scissors," yelled the Captain. "He misun'stood our signal," and he blew a long blast of his horn again. Toot, toot, came back from the "auto."

"Hard up yer hellum, Hez," yelled Captain Titus, steadying himself with the pitchfork handle and waving his lantern frantically.

"Thet cuss will be intu us, sure as preachin'."

Toot, toot, toot, came from the "auto."

"Ahoy there," yelled the Captain. "Luff you sarpint, luff: you'll be 'foul on us in a minnit."

It was too late and in another second the "auto" crashed into the front of the wagon with a fearful shock, exploding one

## CAP'N TITUS

---

of the tires. It nearly threw Captain Titus from the load, but he hung frantically to the pitchfork handle and saved himself.

"All hands 'pare tu repel boarders," yelled the Captain, brandishing the pitchfork, mistaking the exploding tire for a pistol shot. "Piruts, b'thunder."

"I'm ov'board," came a faint voice from the other side of the stone wall, "and darn near all the wind knocked out o' me."

"Ov'board," yelled the Captain, uncoiling the heaving line and throwing it in the direction of the voice, as though he was making a landing at a wharf. "Did thet line reach ye?"

"Ay."

"All right, this end's fast: come 'board."

In the meantime the owner of the "auto" was vainly trying to convince the Captain that he was no robber but merely a peaceful traveller, and that the pistol shot was only the exploding of his tire.

## THE CAPTAIN'S RIDE

---

"What you run 'foul o' us for then?" said the Captain.

"I assure you I did not intend to," was the polite answer. "My brake would not work and I could not see you distinctly, and I understood you to say keep to the left."

"Left," said the Captain savagely. "I said luff, you ignoramus. Ain't the wind nor'east and if you'd a luffed wouldn't you've steered clear on us?"

\* \* \* \*

"Hearn you had a collision last night, Cap'n Titus," said the constable, as the Captain walked into the store the next morning. "Du eny damage?"

"Wa-al, none tu speak on, 'cause Joe's horse didn't move: jest busted our bobstay and carried away our bowsprit," said the Captain, referring to the breaking of the girth and shafts.

"But Hez," said the Captain, with a

## CAP'N TITUS

---

smile dawning on his face, "Hez was a pictur I shall never fergit tu my dyin' day. When thet darn new-fangled land steam-but struck us, it knocked him off'en the load, clean over a stun wall intu the Deacon's cornfield, and he landed on top a pile o' spiled punkins, and when he cum 'board, he looked as though he'd jest hed 'bout three coats o' yaller paint."

---

*A Remarkable Shot*







---

## II

---

### *A Remarkable Shot*

“**H**ELLO, Cap’n Titus,” said Perkins, as that ancient neck-whiskered mariner walked into the store. “How’d you make out gunnin’ to-day?”

“Tole’ble, jest tole’ble: thet’s all,” replied the genial old Captain, good-naturedly. “I got four black ducks, six broad bill, and ten winters.”

“I must say thet’s putty good shootin’ fer one day,” said Perkins, trying to draw the Captain out.

“’Twas putty fair: but I should hev got more yet if my shells hadn’t gin out. ’Twas mighty hard luck and ’minds me o’ one day ’bout four years ago, when I went down tu the medders gunnin’ with thet old muzzle-loader o’ mine.” Here the Captain paused

## CAP'N TITUS

---

to take a mouthful of plug tobacco, after which he continued, full of the spirit of the thrilling tale which all of his auditors were anxious to hear. " I fooled 'round all day, till I had only one charge o' powder left. Birds hed been comin' 'long, one in a flock and now and then tew lone ones, and all of 'em out er range, and I didn't git a bird. I was kinder discouraged: hadn't hed a good shot all day. But jest as I was gittin' out o' the stand I heard a goose hollerin' and I crouched down quick, I can tell yer, and purty soon he landed plump down in the slough-hole in front o' me, where my decoys was. I was jest tu the south o' the Deacon's medder—you fellers remember how the marsh there is very narrer and runs right clus up tu the beach—and my stand was jest 'breast o' thet low place on the beach they call the blow-hole. Wa-al, I moved 'round keerful and got a bead on the old goose, when he must hev smelt me, fer jest

## A REMARKABLE SHOT

---

as I was goin' tu let him hev it he begun swimmin' away from me. I didn't want tu lose him so I begun to whistle him back, and, if you'll b'lieve me, as I was a-sittin' there, what should I see comin' up by the blow-hole but a red fox. Boys, I'd hev given my hull farm for another charge o' powder and shot thet minute, I guess. The goose by this time hed circled round and begun tu come towards me agin, and the fox was a-standin' stock still. Gradually the old goose was gittin' in line with thet fox. 'By thunder,' 's I, 'if I can git 'em in a line there's a chance o' gittin' 'em both.' In another minute they was right in line and I let 'em hev it. Jest as I fired, a blue-fish jumped out o' the water from a school on 'em thet was chasin' bait inshore. I shot the goose plum through the head, lamed the fox so he couldn't run, and killed thet blue-fish so he drifted ashore, and I got the hull three."

## CAP'N TITUS

---

“Boys,” said Perkins solemnly, “if you’ll step intu the back room I’ll set up the cider, cause after thet yarn we’ll need some-thin’ bracin’.”

---

*Captain Titus Sells Some  
Apples*





---

### III

---

## *Captain Titus Sells Some Apples*

“**S**AY, Jonas. What was thet story ‘bout the Deacon buyin’ two lots o’ apples the other day?” asked a leading member of the crowd that usually covered the barrel-tops of the village store.

“Why,” replied Jonas. “’was the funniest thing you ever hearn tell on in all your born days. You know Cap’n Titus has hed it in fer the Deacon ever sence he swapped hosses with him last Spring and as ev’ryone knows the Deacon stuck him purty bad. Wa-al, last Wednesday they hed thet auction sale o’ all the critters belongin’ tu thet there circus thet busted up, up in Scrimville and the Deacon went up tu see if he couldn’t buy some critters cheap. The



## CAP'N TITUS

---

Deacon stopped at Cap's house on the way tu the auction tu see if he hed eny apples tu sell, cause he'd jest got an order fer a lot o' cider tu send up tu Bostin, and as apples are purty scurce this year, he was havin' a mighty hard time tu git en'uf tu supply the cider. He bought 'bout tew barrels from Cap, all he hed enyway and started fer the auction. There warn't but a few there and things went all-fired cheap. The Deacon bought four hosses and I hearn thet he only paid forty dollars apiece fer 'em. Wa-al the Deacon towed the hosses hum behind his wagin, two abreast and he hed them apples loose, up in the front part of his wagin with jest a board acrost so they couldn't git back so's the hosses could eat 'em. He took the South road hum. You folks remember he has tu come through 'bout four mile o' pine woods there and 'twas most dark and I reckon the Deacon got kinder sleepy, fer anyway thet board

## CAPTAIN TITUS SELLS APPLES

---

got loose and the apples begun tu roll back so's the hosses could reach 'em. It seems these hosses was trick hosses in thet circus what busted up and one o' the tricks they hed 'em du was fer tew of 'em tu pick up rubber balls and throw 'em back tu the other tew hosses who'd catch 'em in their mouths and throw 'em back of 'em intu a box set out fer thet purpose. So when these apples begun tu git where they could reach 'em, the tew hosses next the wagin begun a grabbin' 'em and tossin' 'em back tu the other tew and they'd catch 'em and toss 'em back of 'em and they'd drop on the ground and o' course, I spose they eat some tu. Wa-al Cap'n Titus was about a mile behind the Deacon comin' hum on the same road and by gosh, fust thing he knew, he begun tu strike apples and as they was a bringin' such a high price 'count o' bein' so pesky source, he picked 'em up along till he'd got 'bout a barrel and a half. He noticed they

## CAP'N TITUS

---

all hed teeth marks in 'em as though some one hed started tu bite intu 'em and thrown 'em away and he couldn't make it out no-how; but anyway they was jest as good tu grind up fer cider and he made up his mind tu sell 'em tu the Deacon. Wa-al the Deacon got hum and went tu look fer the apples in the wagin and found there warn't none there and he was madder'n a wet hen thet's been out in the rain all night. He concluded however that the hosses hed eat 'em. 'Bout half an hour after, Cap druv intu the yard and said he'd got 'bout a barrel and a half more o' good cider apples thet he'd fer-got he'd hed and if the Deacon wanted 'em he could hev 'em but he'd hev tu ask fifty cents more a barrel then what he did fer the others. They argued and haggled fer a long time but fin'lly the Deacon took 'em at Cap's price and as he wanted tu cart 'em down tu the cider mill fust thing in the mornin' he told Eb tu put 'em right intu

## CAPTAIN TITUS SELLS APPLES

---

his wagin at wunst. The Deacon hed turned the four hosses loose tu git a little grass in the yard and he and Eb hadn't no more'n shifted the apples intu the Deacon's wagin when all four hosses run up tu it and begun throwin' them apples out with their mouths, jest as Cap was drivin' out o' the yard. The Deacon begun tu smell a mice at wunst and yelled pretty sharp tu him tu stop. Swore he'd hev the law on him if he didn't come right back and give up thet there money. Cap didn't come back but sent the Deacon word the next day thet he callated they was 'bout even 'count o' the Deacon sellin' him thet hoss thet hed the heaves 'thout tell'n' him all 'bout it. Course the Deacon said he never knowed the hoss hed the heaves. Wa-al boys, last Friday night at Bible meetin' it so happened thet the chapter fer arg'ment was third Gen'sis. The Deacon spoke last and after spoutin' fer some time, he says, we

## CAP'N TITUS

---

all know thet the apple caused man tu sin when the world begun and says he, a look-in' straight at where Cap sot, I know it has caused man to sin wickedly since. Wa-al sir, tu make a long story short, if I hedn't stuffed my hank'che intu my mouth and half way down my throat, I should er busted right out a-laffin' in meetin'."

---

*Uncle Silas on Baked Beans*





---

## IV

---

### *Uncle Silas on Baked Beans*

“**W**A-AL, Uncle Silas, be ye back from Nu York at last?” asked the barrel-top dwellers, as that returned native walked into the store.

“Ye-us siree, boys, back I be and I guess I hed one o’ the greatest times you’ve ever hearn tell on.”

“Tell us all ’bout it, Si.”

“Wa-al, I’ll hev tu tell ye ’bout it some other time, cause I ain’t got but a minnit tu spare. One thing though I’ll tell yer they be the darndest poorest cooks in thet air town you ever struck in yer life. Why Bill Perkins, thets cook on the packet, could run ’em hull down on cookin’ in tew hours.”

“Is thet so? I s’posed they hed purty fancy cooks in Nu York.”

“Wa-al ye jest want tu change yer ’pin-



## CAP'N TITUS

---

ion cause I tell yer they don't know the fust ru'derments o' cookin' beans nohow. But I tell yer it's a great village and one o' the best harbors I ever sailed intu, not even barrin' Nantucket. Ye know I sailed a week ago Thursday with Cap'n Titus in the packet and 'count o' head winds and consid'ble fog, we didn't git tu Nu York till Sunday mornin'. I woke up jest as 'twas crackin' daylight and got dressed as quick's I could and went on deck so's tu see how the harbor looked, and it's a funny thing, boys, the fust thing I saw, and it made me feel sorter tu hum tew, was a big sign on a little island in Hell's Gate with Risin' Sun Stove Polish ontu it. We stood right down the harbor with fair wind. The Cap'n didn't take a tow boat cause bein' Sunday there warn't many vessils layin' round. We sailed right under thet bridge thet goes over from Brooklyn tu Nu York, and I tell you, boys, 'twas a grand

## UNCLE SILAS ON BAKED BEANS

---

sight. Thet bridge was higher, if you'll b'lieve me, than our High Pole Hill and people and cars goin' crost it jest as though it was a road covered with water bugs. Cap'n Titus put her right fer Hoboken and I staid 'board thet day cause he reckoned I'd git lost if I went up into the village 'thout him bein' with me. Monday we went 'crost the ferry and went up into the village to see how things looked. You fellers think we have a crowd here when we hev our Town Meetin', but by Jerushy, 'twant nothin' tu the crowd thet we struck on Bredway street. Gosh, there was hoss cars runnin' all the time, up the road full o' people and I darn near got all the wind knocked clean out'n me havin' people run intu me on the sidewalk, and I guess I should hev got run over tew or three times if it hedn't bin fer Cap'n Titus holdin' on tu me. Wa-al we cruised 'round all day and I begun to feel hungrier'n a shark, so

## CAP'N TITUS

---

Cap'n reckoned we'd go into the fust rest-rant we come tu and git a little snack o' sumthin'. So we went into an eatin' place and sot down: 'twas a grand place, I tell ye, little wind mills goin' round tu keep yer cool and me-skeeter nettin' all over the lamps and picturs. Cap'n Titus wanted tu know what I'd hev. Wa-al, I says, I'm purty hungry and I reckon I'll hev baked beans if they've got eny. So when the waiter chap come round, Cap'n, he ordered a steak and I says tu the feller, 'Got eny baked beans?'

" 'Oh yes,' he says. 'I reckon we hev.'

" 'Wa-al, s'I, guess I'll hev some.'

" Wa-al boys, when he brought 'em on they was the darndest lookin' things you ever see. Looked s'though they'd bin baked and then cured in the sun 'bout tew weeks. Why darn me, if they warn't hard-er'n flints. I tasted 'em and says tu the feller, s'I, this what you called baked beans?

## UNCLE SILAS ON BAKED BEANS

---

Yes, sir, he says, he was a real p'lite feller. Wa-al, s'I, shouldn't never known what they was if you hadn't told me. Why, he says, that's the style we cook 'em in Nu York. Wa-al, s'I, by thunder, you'd better haul in yer style and I want tu tell you, young man, 'twould pay yer tu come down tu the Cape and take a few lessons in bakin' beans with m'lasses dressin', cause I think you'd find yer bus'ness would pick up consid'ble."

"Pretty poor beans, were they, Si?" asked the Constable.

"Poor, why gol darn it, you couldn't digest 'em no more'n a shark would digest thrible B shot with a pepsin cocktail tu help him out. If it takes the hair of the dog tu cure the dog's bite the beans on the Cape will fix ye up after ye've bin eatin' baked beans in Nu York. I eat thirteen plates full fer breakfast this mornin' and I'm all right now, and whenever I leave the Cape agin,

## CAP'N TITUS

---

you bet I'll wait till I git back 'fore I eat eny baked beans."

Then Uncle Silas picked up his yeast cake and started for home.

---

*Captain Titus's Eel Story*





## Captain Titus's *Eel Story*

“CAP’N TITUS, is it you?” said the Deacon, leaving his chair by the grocery stove and grasping the newcomer heartily by the hand.

“How be ye?” came from everybody.

“Wa-al, I’m purty tole’ble, considerin’.”

“Where hev you bin fer the last four months?” asked the Deacon. “Hear’d you’d bin down tu the Cape eelin’.”

“Ye-us I hev,” said Captain Titus. “Done fust rate tu. Cleared over eight hundred dollars sincê December.”

“Eight hundred dollars, eelin’ in one winter?” fairly yelled everybody.

“Shucks,” said the Deacon. “You can’t expect us to b’lieve thet. I never hearn



## CAP'N TITUS

---

tell on anybody makin' over eighty dollars in a winter in my life."

"Wa-al," said the Captain warming up, "I never did nuther, eelin' with a spear, but I got a new wrinkle."

"Du tell," said the Deacon. "Let's hear 'bout it."

"Last Spring," said the Captain, "when I went up tu the lakes with Cap'n Bearse, I saw a feller loadin' sand intu a schooner there in a way thet sot me a thinkin'. He hed a little vessil 'bout thirty tons, with his deck boxed in 'midships and he'd take a deck load o' sand 'board with the rig he hed in 'bout an hour. He'd stopped up his scuppers and up for'ard hed one o' them ere new-fangled gas'line engines. Most wond'ful thing I'd ever seed. He'd run his schooner intu shoal water, stick a piece o' pipe over the side and pump a deck load o' sand and water on tu thet schooner in short order, and when the sand was high enough the

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S EEL STORY

---

water would run over the side and he'd keep on pumpin' till he hed it full o' sand and no water."

"Wa-al, wa-al," said the Deacon. "That was sartinly wond'ful."

"Wond'ful," said the Captain. "Wa-al I should say 'twas wond'ful. Gosh, you could pump anythin' with one o' them air machines. I seen sticks longer then your arm come up through thet pipe on deck. In fact, seein' them sticks come out o' thet pipe was where I got my idee from. I didn't say a word to nobody but when we got back to Bostin I cruised and drifted 'round and bought one o' them machines, pump and all, second handed, and hed it shipped tu me down tu the Cape and soon's the bay was fruz over I went down there and camped out in my shanty. I rigged the pump up on a big sled with a sort o' filter on it I made out of a barrel, and as soon as the ice would bear, started out tu try my luck. Wa-al,

## CAP'N TITUS

---

sir, if you'll b'lieve me, I pumped three barrels o' eels out o' thet old bay fust day."

"You don't say so," came from everyone.

"Ye-us, siree, and I was the wonder o' the hull town down there."

"How'd you operate it?" asked the Deacon.

"Why I just cut two holes in the ice, shoved my pipe down tu the bottom in one and set my filter over the other, started the old machine agoin', kept the pipe movin' round in the mud and begun to pump eels, water and mud intu thet barrel and the mud and water would go through the sieve intu the water and all I hed tu du was tu pick the eels out'n the barrel."

"Wa-al o' all miracles," said the Deacon, clasping his hands around his knees and leaning back. "But I heard you told 'bout havin' a sort o' eatin' place down there and made lots o' money out er thet tu."

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S EEL STORY

---

"So I did," said Captain Titus, with a twinkle in his eye. "You know them fellers down there use them twelve-prong barbed spears and nat'rally my contrivence attracted consid'ble 'tention, specially at noon time when they knocked off fer dinner. They'd all crowd round there tu see my outfit. Thet fust night I did a little extry pipin' on thet machine o' mine and next day I bought a half dozen loaves o' bread at the bake shop in the village and jest fore noon I stuck up a sign on the pump. Hot eel sandwiches, three cents."

"How'd you make 'em?" queried the Deacon.

"Wa-al, sir," said the Captain. "I don't know as you fellers know how them machines work but the engine is druv by the explosion o' the gasoline in the cylinder and o' course it's all afire in there the hull time. So when enybody wanted a sandwich I jest turned a valve and let an

## CAP'N TITUS

---

eel go through thet cylinder and he'd come out all roasted."

Here the crowd rapidly dispersed, dazed though delighted by the unique eel story of Captain Titus, who, they maintained to a man, was easily the greatest piscatorial romancer extant and as such justly entitled to the diamond belt emblematic of the heavy-weight championship.

---

*A Whaling Yarn*





---

## VI

---

### *A Whaling Yarn*

“CAP’N TITUS,” said the Constable, with a smile of anticipation. “Spin us a sea yarn.”

“Ye-us, ye-us, du,” came from the group gathered round the stove at the village store.

“Wa-al,” said the Captain. “If you want me tu, I will. So here goes.”

“’Twas ’bout twenty year ago when I was ’fore the mast in the whalin’ ship ‘Betsy Ann.’ We sailed from Nantucket fer a twelve month cruise and I don’t know whether eny o’ you fellers remember Jon’tan Small who used tu live here, but anyway he was ’long with us and was considered in those days one o’ the best harpooners in the fleet. We hedn’t hed any luck fer some time when one day toward noon the



## CAP'N TITUS

---

lookout in the cro's nest yells, 'Thar she blows' and all hands tumbled on deck in a hurry. Thar was only one whale in sight and Small bein' the best harpooner, he nat-u'lly was picked out tu go in the boat and Hezekiah Prouty and I went with him. Small hed tew peculiarities I shan't never fergit. He wouldn't go in a whale boat: said they was tu clumsy tu handle quick and insisted on usin' a small dory we carried on deck spec'l'y fer him. The other thing was thet while he never was seasick on the ship, fer years whenever he'd git intu a small boat he'd be taken in less'n tew minutes with the auf-lest case o' sea-sickness you ever see, but he never could relieve himself. In his younger days, he'd got some med'cine from an old Doctor in New Bedford called Doctor Arnekee's Heavo, thet was the only thing, he said, thet ever fixed him all right. 'Twas the darndest, most pow'ful med'cine you ever

## A WHALING YARN

---

hearn tell on. The minnit he'd take tew or three swallos o' thet air, he would heave up, as slick as eny sea-sick person you ever see and in a jiffy he was all right and ready fer bus'ness. He used tu keep a box o' a dozen bottles under the stern seat o' the dory so as tu hev it handy. Wa-al as I was sayin', the minnit thet lookout sung out he'd sighted a whale the old man hustled us intu the boat and we started. Jon'than was in the bow o' the dory and Hez and I was a rowin'. There was an awful nasty sea runnin' and we made pretty bad weather o' it, but Jon'than wouldn't hev gone in nothin' but thet ere dory I guess if it hed blowed ten gales o' wind. Wa-al sir, we got up tu thet whale in good shape and Jon'than landed his iron in him. The whale swung 'round and begun towin' us toward the ship like he was a steam ingine and soon's we swung round we saw another boat from the ship hed struck a whale 'bout

## CAP'N TITUS

---

half a mile from where we was and we headin' straight fer 'em. In less time then it takes tu tell it we was in hailin' distance o' the other boat and it looked as though we was agoin' tu git foul o' 'em. Their whale must hev dove, fer in another instant he come up not twenty yards ahead o' us with mouth wide open and a threshin' the water like all possessed with his tail. Hez let out a yell I'll never fergit tu my dyin' day and dropped his steerin' oar and jest at thet minnit we got on the crest o' a wave, our line parted with a report like a pistol and we shot intu thet whale's mouth like an arrer from an Injun's bow. How fur we went intu him we never knowed. We was all in the bottom o' the boat and we could hear her crackin' and snappin', and jest as we were givin' up all hope, he bit the stern off thet dory as clean as a whistle with his back molars and right intu thet box o' Doctor Arnekee's Heavo. It

## A WHALING YARN

---

must hev 'fected the whale jest as it did Jon'than and jest 'bout as quick, fer he hove us out o' his mouth 'parently with horrer and disgust. I guess we must hev lost consciousness soon after, fer the next thing I remember, I was chilled through with the cold water and lyin' in the bot-tom o' the other boat thet hed' picked us up."

"Boys," said the Deacon, solemnly, rising slowly from his stool. "This 'ere story sots me a thinkin'. We hev all on us doubted more er less thet air story of Jonah and the whale, but if so be as he happened tu hev hed a bot-tel o' thet ere Heavo in his pocket or somethin' o' like natur, it would hev hed a mighty sight tu du with the whale a pukin' o' him up."



---

*A Deep Sea Yarn*





---

## VII

---

### *A Deep Sea Yarn*

“CAP’N TITUS, I’ve known you afloat and ashore fer nigh ontu thirty year and I guess there ain’t a man sailin’ from this port thet can spin a bigger yarn then you, and thet last one was the biggest whopper yet.”

“Wa-al boys,” replied Captain Titus, laughing. “’Twas a yarn I hardly expected you’d b’lieve, though I could tell you one thet would beat thet if you’d like tu hear it.”

The crowd gathered in the Captain’s cabin, lighted their pipes and leaned back comfortably as he proceeded.

“’Twas in ’88 when I was mate o’ the old brig ‘Sarah Ann’ and we’d bin out tew days from Frisco loaded with dog bis-  
kit in bales fer Cape Nome.”



## CAP'N TITUS

---

"Oh fer thunderation sakes, you don't expect us to swaller thet, sah, du you?" asked a swarthy New Orleans skipper.

"What, the cargo?" queried the Captain, and the laugh was on the Louisianan.

"Now don't interrupt, if you want tu hear this," continued Captain Titus, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "Cause the yarn's really a fact. The wind was drawin' aft, light breeze, when as I happened to look over the side, it seemed tu me thet the brig sot higher out'er water then when we left port. I called the Cap'n's 'tention tu it but he thought I must be mistaken. Things went 'long 'thout any incident worth mentionin' fer another week, when lookin' over the side one mornin' I found, if you'll b'lieve me, thet a foot o' the brig's copper was showin' 'bove the water. I rushed down tu the old man's cabin and got him on deck quick and together we looked over the side. The

Cap'n was dumfounded and though we talked and argued it, we couldn't possibly find no explanation o' the strange proceedin'. I suggested openin' the hatches and hevin' a look at the cargo, but as they was all caulked and battened down, the old man refused tu du it as he didn't see what good it would du nohow. One thing was sartin, the cargo must be there, we hed jest as much tonnage as when we left Frisco, but there was undoubtedly some good reason which we couldn't und'stand thet would probably be explained when we reached port, so we reasoned. Wa-al boys, by the time we arrived at the Cape, we was so high out'er water thet we looked like a vessil in ballast comin' intu port and the minnit we dropped anchor we called all hands and opened up the hatches. The sight thet met our eyes when we looked down intu the hold was one I never expect to see agin in this world."

## CAP'N TITUS

---

The Captain paused a moment and puffed leisurely at his pipe as he gazed around at his companions, evidently enjoying the effect he was producing.

“Shipmates, there warn’t a bale of bis-  
kit left in thet ship, but we histed out six  
thousand bushels o’ cockroaches.”

“Wa-al, by ginger spruce,” remarked  
an Eastern skipper, “if I could lie like thet,  
I’d be one o’ the selectmen o’ my town.”

---

*Captain Titus's Horse Trade*





---

## VIII

---

### *Captain Titus's Horse Trade*

“CAP’N TITUS, du tell us ’bout  
thet famous hoss trade o’ yourn,”  
said the Deacon.

“Ye-us, Ye-use, du,” came from the expectant group of romance lovers gathered around the stove at the village store.

“Wa-al,” said Captain Titus, smiling in retrospective ecstasy. “It happened a good many year ago and me and Dean did hev quite a good deal o’ fun over thet hoss trade from fust tu last I can tell ye. O’ course with him a wholesalin’ and me keepin’ store, as I was at thet time, we was tradin’ back and forth purty often and as we both think we’re some sharp on er trade, didn’t think it no sin tu git the best o’ each other if we could. One Spring Dean sold

me what was s'posed tu be a new milch cow, but the most milk she ever gin was four quarts a day, which ain't nothin' o' course, so I'd bin sorter layin' fer Dean ever since, and one day when I was up the Cape I got a chance tu trade off some watches and patent med'cine I'd hed on hand fer some time, fer a hoss and though I didn't know nothin' 'bout him or the feller thet hed him tu sell I concluded I'd hev tu take chances cause I used tu callate I was some consid'ble judge o' a hoss. The feller said he didn't know nothin' 'bout the hoss cause he'd jest got him but said I could drive him and look him over as much as I hed a mind tu. He 'peared so honest 'bout it thet I concluded I wouldn't take time tu give the hoss a trial but made a bargain on the spot and led the critter hum behind my wagin.

"Thet evenin' arter supper, I hitched him up tu see what kind o' stuff was in him

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S HORSE TRADE

---

and I tell you boys he was a good mover. A good lookin' hoss tu, carried his head high and went a-kitin' 'long s'prisin'. Wa-al I guess I hadn't druv him more'n an hour 'fore he begun to wheeze and wheeze till I thought he'd drop in the road and I knew thet I'd got a wind-broke hoss and was stuck bad. I didn't say a word to nobody but thinks I, by hook or crook, I must git thet hoss ontu Dean. I'd read somewhere in a book thet if you give a hoss thet's wind-broke a little saltpetre in his grain in the mornin' you could drive him thet day and you'd never know there was anythin' the matter with him. So next day when I fed him, I put some saltpetre in his grain and after he'd got through eatin' I rubbed him down and cleaned him off in good shape, put a new harness ontu him, hitched him up tu my light wagin and started right straight fer Dean's. I let him walk all the way till I got tu the top o' thet hill this



## CAP'N TITUS

---

side o' Dean's: then I let him go fer all he was worth down by the house. As luck would hev it, Dean was out hoein' in his bean patch tu the Nor'ard o' his house. I jest waved my hand as I went by and gosh I could see him leanin' on his hoe and a lookin' thet hoss over from head tu tail. I didn't stop but looked back jest as I was turnin' the corner at the foot o' the hill and saw him still lookin' and thet was all I wanted. Soon's I was out o' sight I let the hoss walk till I figgered I would be gone 'bout half an hour and then I cum whizzin' back like all possessed. Dean was out front settin' on the fence when I hove in sight 'parently patiently waitin' fer me.

" 'Where'd you git thet ere hoss, Sam?' s'he.

" 'Oh, s'I, 'I traded fer him up the Cape yest'day.'

" 'Wal, wal. Shouldn't think you'd want eny more hosses,' s'he.

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S HORSE TRADE

---

“ ‘Wal, I don’t really,’ s’I. ‘But I hed the chance tu trade fer this one and he was such a thunderin’ good lookin’ hoss, thought I’d take him.’

“ ‘What you askin’ fer him?’ s’he.

“ ‘Wal,’ s’I. ‘I don’t know as I want tu sell him, I jest got him and I ain’t really hed a good drivin’ hoss before.’

“ ‘Wal,’ Dean says, ‘I’ve got tu git a hoss and while I ain’t in no hurry, if you du want tu sell, maybe we could make er dicker.’

“ ‘Wal,’ I says, not ’pearin’ very anxious, ‘I’m allus ready tu sell er trade anythin’ I got, if nes’sary.’ Wal at thet we fell tu and Dean wanted tu know if I would guarantee the hoss. ‘No I can’t,’ s’I, ‘I only got him yest’d day and I ain’t had him long ’nuf to know anythin’ ’bout him neither. There he is and you ought tu be able tu tell a good hoss from a poor one after all the ones you’ve owned.’

## CAP'N TITUS

---

“Wal, Dean ’lowed he didn’t callate there was anyone in the County could fool him on a hoss. He got in with me and we druv down the road ’bout half a mile affyin’ and I could see he was tickled tu death with the hoss. Finally he says, s’he, ‘How many rolls o’ Eureka stove polish at tew cents er roll and how many dozen er vanilla extract at fifty-six cents er dozen will you take fer him?’

“We haggled and haggled ’bout the price. I wanted fust off, a hundred dollars, but finally ’greed tu take eighty-five. Wal sir, we made a dicker at last and I took vanilla extract, stove polish and Bostin bitters in trade. I figgered thet hoss he’d hed ’bout as much drivin’ as the saltpetre would take care on thet day, so as Dean was comin’ tu town, I left the hoss there and he towed my light wagin with the things in, down tu my barn. He said he was goin’ tu take the hoss out with his gig

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S HORSE TRADE

---

thet evenin' tu try him. Thet night I hed gone ter bed and hed jest got my eye warm when I thought I hearn a sort o' er noise down tu the barn. I didn't think nothin' 'bout it et the time and finally went tu sleep. I guess it must hev been an hour later when I woke up and got tu thinkin' 'bout thet noise and thinks I, maybe one o' them ere hosses hes got loose, guess I'd better go down and see if ev'thin's all right. Wal sir, I went down there, and by thunder, the fust thing I see was thet hoss I sold tu Dean standin' there in a stall and all thet stuff I got was gone. Wal, I says, by gosh-er-mighty, if this ain't a purty slick one Dean's played on me, but I reckon I can be jest as slick as he kin. I waited fer 'bout an hour and then hitched up my mare tu the light wagin and started up tu Dean's towin' the wind-broke hoss behind. It was 'bout half past twelve then and as luck would hev it, darker'n Egypt. I took

## CAP'N TITUS

---

the lower road tu Dean's and come thru the gate in his North pastur' and up the back way so's they couldn't poss'bly see me from the house. I hed a lantern under the seat and when I got under the lee o' the barn, I lit it and come in thru the cow door. There was Dean's wagin standin' in the middle o' the floor with all thet there stuff in it. I took a fork and pitched some beddin' all 'long the floor from the cow door up tu an empty stall and led the hoss in quiet as could be and put him in and in less'n half an hour I hed all the goods shifted intu my wagin and was on my way hum.

“Wa-al the joke o' the whole thing was thet when Dean went out tu his barn next mornin', and saw the hoss there and ev'thin' as it was before he took the hoss back, he fell over on a pile o' hay in a dead faint and when he come tu he vowed tu Sally, his wife, he'd never eat mince pie and cider

## CAPTAIN TITUS'S HORSE TRADE

---

fer supper agin s'long as he lived, fer he  
sed he'd hed the nightmare thet night 'bout  
the awfulest o' all his life."



---

*A Stomach Pump Story*



.





## *A Stomach Pump Story*

“**W**A-AL, boys,” said Captain Titus as he entered the grocery, “I’m clean cleaned out, if I du say it myself.”

“Why, Cap’n,” asked the Deacon with a severe glance. “You hav’n’t bin a play-in’ checkers fer money, hev yer?”

“No, no, I ain’t, quite sartin, tu tell the plain truth.”

“Wa-al, what hev you bin a-doin’?” queried the Deacon abrim with curiosity.

“Wa-al you know me and Sary went up tu Bostin on thet big scursion day ’fore yest’day. The train left here ’bout quarter past five in the mornin’ and we didn’t hev no breakfast tu speak on ’fore we left the house and time we got tu Bostin, I was

## CAP'N TITUS

---

hungrier'n a sarpint on a moonlit snow-drift. So we went intu the fust eatin' place we come tu and thinks I, I'll hev somethin' we don't never hev tu hum anyhow. The fust thing thet struck my eye on the bill of fare was chicken crokays. I was pow'ful hungry and I ordered a double dose on 'em. Sary hed some beans and we both topped off with a piece o' mince pie and a glass o' cider. Wa-al, Deacon, I've bin sufferin' with dyspepsy fer years, but Jerus'lem, I never hed a spell like I did 'bout half an hour after I got through with thet there fodder. Seemed as though I was all burn-in' up inside and my stomick tasted sourer'n the bottom of a parrot's cage. Wa-al, Sary says, you've bin troubled with this ere dyspepsy fer years and now we're here in Bostin lets go up tu thet Doctor thet advertises as a stomick specil'ist in the 'Weekly Patriut' and see if he can't cure yer. Wa-al, we went up tu his office in

## A STOMACH PUMP STORY

---

Wash'ngton Street and when I told the Doctor what I'd hed thet mornin' fer breakfast and how I was a sufferin' from it, he says tu me, s'he, you won't git eny relief till you git thet mess you've eaten out o' yer stumick and then only eat what I tell yer tu afterwards. Wa-al, I says, I wish I could git rid o' this pain somehow. He says, the only thing fer me tu do is tu pump yer out, and pump me out he did in great rotation."

"Pump yer out," ejaculated the Deacon, with a curious twinkle in his eye. "What on airth are you talkin' 'bout, Cap'n Titus?"

"'Tis true as preachin' every word I'm tellin' ye, Deacon. He hed a contrivance with a little rubber tube thet he put down my throat and pumped out every mite o' thet chicken crokay, cider, and mince pie, 'long with everythin' else thet was in there."

## CAP'N TITUS

---

"Wa-al o' all miracles," said he Deacon wringing his hands. "Should thought 'twould hev choked yer tu death."

"Wa-al it did at fust," said the Captain. "But gosh all hemlock, it didn't do no good, I hove and gagged but thet tube was down there and wouldn't come up till he pulled it up. But the worst part of it all was when he rinsed my stomick out with warm water and then pumped thet out. I could feel the end o' thet tube swashin' round down there and it tickled and itched like tarnation, and gosh I couldn't scratch it and I thought I should go mad for a sandpaper sandwich."

"What sort of a feelin' was it when he was a-pumpin' o' yer out?" asked the Deacon.

"Wa-al 'twas sorter of er, sorter of er goin' feelin', Deacon, near's I kin describe it."

"How'd yer feel after yer was all

## A STOMACH PUMP STORY

---

pumped out?" asked Jones the store-keeper.

"Wa-al I callate I felt 'bout's a vessil does when she's got dry bilges."

"It's sartinly wond'ful," said the Deacon, who was more or less of a seafaring man himself and consequently understood and appreciated the misery of anyone so afflicted as to be in the condition of a ship suffering with dry bilges.



---

*Captain Titus's Bread Foot*







## Captain Titus's Bread Foot

“SAY, Si, what’s the matter with Cap’n Titus? Hearn he was laid up.”

“Ye-us, he is and I guess there ain’t another case like his’n on record.”

“Why what’s the matter with him?”

“Wa-al it seems he’d bin down tu the flats clammin’ all day and he cum hum and went intu the house tu kinder warm up. His wife hed gone over tu the neighbors, so the Cap’n sot down front o’ the kitchen stove, took his shoes off, opened the oven door, put a stick o’ wood in and sot his feet on it there to sorter thaw ’em out. His wife hed a pan o’ dough on the floor right in front o’ the stove a risin’ o’ it fer hot bread fer supper. Wa-al Cap, it seems, got kinder drowsy and dozed off and stuck

## CAP'N TITUS

---

his foot intu thet ther pan o' dough and 'thout knowin' it put his foot back intu the oven agin. When his wife come hum and woke him up the dough hed kinder perk'-lated through his stockin' and baked ontu his foot harder'n flint and they ain't got the bread off yet, cause the minute they try tu, the skin comes off with it. I don't know whether it's so or not, but Seth Huckins says Cap ain't felt hungry on his starbud side ever since the funny accident happened."

---

*Captain Titus Goes Yachting*



. 2804



## *Captain Titus Goes Yachting*

“**W**A-AL, boys,” said Captain Titus as he strolled into the Post Office one winter’s morning. “I’m done packetin’.”

“Yer be,” came from the group which was gathered around the stove waiting for the mail to be distributed.

“Ye-us, callate I’ve quit it fer good and all.”

“Cap’n Titus,” said the Squire, “I never thought you’d quit goin’ tu sea s’long’s you could look outen them tew eyes o’ yourn.”

“Wa-al, Squire, you’re ’bout right and I’m not givin’ up goin’ tu sea. If you’ll b’lieve me, I’m jest goin’ yachtin’.”

“Du tell,” came from everybody in

## CAP'N TITUS

---

chorus: for they all began asking questions at the same time.

“Naow,” said the Captain drawing out his pipe and slowly filling it. “If you boys want tu know all 'bout it, I'll tell ye, and it's quite a yarn from fust tu last. Funny thing tu: don't know's I'd got this job if I hadn't known how tu make a good clam chowder. I've bin goin' packetin' 'bout eighteen year, and if I du say it, I don't b'lieve there's enybody thet knows the Coast eny better from Newput News tu Bostin then I du and I've bin thinkin' fer a consider'ble spell 'bout makin' a try fer a Cap'n's berth on one o' them ere yachts. I spoke tu a friend o' mine 'bout three months ago, who's skipper on a yacht and he said he'd keep his weather eye peeled fer me. It so happened soon after thet, a friend o' his owner wanted a man and to make a long story short, I was recker-mended tu take charge o' her. He give me

## TITUS GOES YACHTING

---

a letter tu the owner and I went up tu Bostin tu see him. We had consid'ble o' a talk, he askin' me all sorts o' questions 'bout my sper'ence and so on and I guess I satisfied him purty well cause we fin'lly struck up a bargain and he said he guessed I'd du only he'd like tu hev the wimmin folks see me 'fore we fin'lly closed. So he give me a note and tole me tu git intu his kerridge which was waitin' down front o' his office and drive out tu his house on Wealthy Av'nue, think it was."

"Commonwealth," corrected the Postmaster.

"Ye-us, I b'lieve thet was the name," said the Captain. "Wa-al, boys, I thought I'd seen some style but 'twant nothin' tu his house out there. I got out the kerridge, which was a slick one, I want tu tell ye, walked up the steps and rung the bell. I waited quite a spell, then the door was opened by a feller with one o' them ere



## CAP'N TITUS

---

bicycle suits on and white cotton gloves. I was tellin' Pope, the mate, 'bout it when I got back tu the boat and he said he reckoned it must be one o' them ere butlin' fellers. Wa-al, whatever he was, he was 'parently runnin' things. I give him my letter and he ast me to set down in a little room 'bout's big 's a pilot house, right off the hall. Purty soon the wimming folks come down, the owner's wife, her sister and darter. And thet darter, boys. Wa-al, she was a good looker, I tell you, one o' them ere nice, plump corn-fed, figgerhead gals, that's built right yer know. She warn't an inch tu long nor an inch tu short and the proper beam and free board, and from what I could judge, she would sail well. They ast me into the parlor and I tell ye, boys, 'twas a wond'ful place, carpets on the floor thicker'n a hoss blanket and no end o' fancy things tu set on. The old lady ast me a good many questions and

## TITUS GOES YACHTING

---

said they'd never done much yachtin', this bein' the fust yacht they'd ever owned and they wanted tu be sure and git a good keerful man. I was consid'ble flustered bein' in such a grand place and in cum-p'ny with three wimmin folks, but told her I'd bin tu sea all my life in ev-thin' from a mack'el ketcher tu a full rig ship. She said she could see by her husband's letter thet he was perfectly satisfied with me and as fur as she could see, I would be all right. She said she wanted me tu be very partic'lar when I come tu git my crew in the Spring, tu git a good cook, one who un'stood cookin' sort o' shore dinners. She said they'd allus lived West till last year and was crazy 'bout clams and fish o' all kinds and she wanted tu be sure tu hev a cook thet un'stood cookin' sech things and 'bove all, clam chowder. I told her I guessed we wouldn't hev much trouble 'bout thet as I was consid'ble o' a cook myself

## CAP'N TITUS

---

and s'I, I don't callate there's a man this side o' Nemoquot P'int thet knows eny more 'bout makin' clam chowder then I du. I told her, s'I, the great mistake people out Nu York way makes in makin' clam chowder is usin' quahaugs 'stead o' clams and puttin' in termaters and all kind o' garden sass what don't hev no bus'ness in a chowder nohow. An' boys, if you'll b'lieve me, she didn't know what quahaugs was till I splained tu her they was what they called little neck clams up in Bostin and I told her, s'I, them quahaugs ain't fit no way to put intu a chowder, s'I, I wouldn't feed 'em tu my hins, cause ye can't digist 'em no more'n yer kin a china sarcer. Thet seemed tu tickle 'em all consid'ble and the old lady's sister laffed so hard she kinder lost her wind and had tu be taken out the room. Anyhow I guess I convinced 'em I knew how tu make a chowder so's they wouldn't suffer from indigestion, cause

## TITUS GOES YACHTING

---

next day they sent a note down tu the packet sayin' they had decided tu give me the yacht and thet's how 'tis I came to hev charge o' the ladylike craft and also tu git a rep'tation fer chowder makin' thet I guess 's great enough tu git the berth o' Cap'n o' a man o' war. I tell ye boys, when ye know how tu make chowder what'll digist and ain't got no stomick ache intu it, yer jest fitted out fust class fer eny berth what needs fust class seamanship tu make a fust class success o' it.

"Wa-al, I don't mind if I do," said the Captain in conclusion, "seein's as it's you and the brand is Medford."









Cap'n Titus

"They say I'm a fust rate feller"





---

## Press Comments

---

### New York Herald

"Sketches of New England country folk are full of individuality, are racy of the soil, and have that attribute of bombastic braggadocio which honorably differentiates Munchausen from the earlier but less picturesque Ananias."

### New York Times Saturday Review

"He is another David Harum in story-telling and trading."

### Judge

"Will be enjoyed by all lovers of clean, legitimate fun. \* \* \* The yarn of how he forced a geyser of eels up through a stove-pipe is alone worth the price of the book."

### Boston Transcript

"The reader will find him a genial person for an hour or so of fire-side reading."

### Buffalo Review

"Lovers of good lying with a large salt flavor of humor cannot get anything better in this particular line than the stories of Cap'n Titus."

### Washington, D. C., Evening Star

"Mr. Emery has artistically caught the spirit of the folk-life of New England."

### Philadelphia Telegraph

"Very funny, with the droll, dry humor of the New England longshoreman."

### Four-Track News

"About the entire collection there is the breezy atmosphere of the ocean, while the quaint personality of the 'Cap'n,' who is a rival of David Harum at a 'hoss' trade, permeates every line."

### Marine Journal

"In each tale there is a dozen hearty laughs."

---

## Press Comments

---

### Town Topics

"Mr. Emery knows the sea and its lingo as well as the odd sea-faring folk of Cape Cod."

### Albany Press

"The yarns are not alone humorous but are impregnated with a quiet, subtle philosophy, that will pay the reader to closely study and inwardly digest."

### Cleveland Leader

"Clay Emery has created an amusing character in 'Cap'n Titus,' or to be more exact, he has reproduced one he has met in the flesh, which is, after all, a better test of his talent. Anyone can imagine a fictional character, but to make a true portrait of one requires literary skill."

### Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

"Uproariously entertaining."

### Boston Globe

"Rich and racy salt-briny stories, depicting New England country folk to the life."

### Pittsburgh Gazette

"Cap'n Titus is a delightful old neck-whiskered salt, and his yarns will be eagerly listened to by a wide audience."

### Nautical Gazette

"Nothing more amusing than the yarns spun in this book have been published in many a day."

### Recreation

"Told in the real salt-water vernacular, and you can almost hear the lapping of the waves and feel the roll of the schooner as you read them."

### Times, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"An old mariner who spins capital yarns in Yankee dialect."

---

## Press Comments

---

### Omaha World-Herald

"All of the yarns are admirable, and are told in a dialect and an insight into nature along the New England coast which appeal to the reader."

### Free Press, Milwaukee, Wis.

"'Cap'n Titus' is one of those weather-beaten old salts full of dry humor who flourish along the New England coast, beloved of all fiction writers from Kipling down. \* \* \* Yarns David Harum might be proud of."

### Canadian Engineer, Montreal

"As good as anything in 'David Harum.'"

### Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer, New York

"The breeze of the New England seacoast is almost to be felt in Clay Emery's entertaining little book about 'Cap'n Titus.'"

### Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill.

"'Cap'n Titus' short seafaring stories are as crisp and fresh as a stiff salt breeze off Nantucket way. \* \* \* Very quaint and refreshing, with not a line of rough suggestions. The most squeamish may read and laugh."

### Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.

"Very amusing yarns. Every one of them worth reading."

### Record-Union, Sacramento, Cal.

"Crisp, relishable and very entertaining stories."

### Dispatch, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Most fascinating little book of the season."

### Post, Chicago, Ill.

"Racy yarns whose brevity and breeziness everyone will enjoy."

---

## Press Comments

---

**Dispatch, Richmond, Va.**

“Characteristic yarns. There’s fun in them.”

**Journal, Boston, Mass.**

“The dialect is good and the humor captivating.”

**News, Newark, N. J.**

“Clay Emery knows how to write of the people in a New England seacoast town, and his ‘Cap’n Titus’ is a book to laugh over. The incidents which he relates have pith, and their flavor is not lost in the telling.”

**Congregationalist, Boston**

“A decided smack of the sea pervades these racy sketches of ‘longshore New England characters.’”

**Christian Advocate, New York**

“Clay Emery tells these stories with capital spirit.”

**Leslie’s Weekly, New York**

“A rare feast indeed is that which Mr. Emery has spread for his readers in this volume.”

**Public Opinion, New York**

“It is seldom that so small a book contains so much real amusement.”

**Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.**

“Clay Emery handles his subject with skill and discrimination.”

**Rudder, New York**

“It isn’t often that a worn-out old shell like myself gets a laugh out of a book, but I did get a good one out of this.”

**Sentinel, Indianapolis, Ind.**

“If one wishes to enjoy an hour of hilarious mirth he will find it in ‘Cap’n Titus.’”

---

---

## Press Comments

---

**Republican, Denver, Col.**

"Amusing and clever.

**Press, Utica, N. Y.**

"Interesting and amusing. \* \* \* The stories remind one of David Harum's experiences."

**Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.**

"The tales are all humorous, and when the reader closes the book it is with regret that there are not more of them."

**Sentinel, Indianapolis, Ind.**

"The author proves himself in this small volume a humorist of the first class, and future sketches from his pen will find a warm welcome."

**Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.**

"Amusing stories of New England country folk told by Clay Emery in his inimitable manner."

**Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.**

"Typical New England stories. \* \* \* Very amusing, and all have the savor of the sea and the simple humor of a simple people."

**Free Press, Detroit, Mich.**

"There are full-sized, many-paged volumes of tales of rural neighborhoods that haven't as much Attic salt to spare as the little New England sketches which Clay Emery puts together."

**World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.**

"'Cap'n Titus,' by Clay Emery, is one of those books one wishes was twice as long."

**Denman Thompson**

"A clever collection of quaint stories."

---

---

# Cap'n Titus

*By* CLAY EMERY

---

A collection of the most amusing sketches of New England country folk that have been written, all of them connected by a thread of narrative that gives unity to the whole

---

Price, Seventy-five Cents

P o s t a g e   P a i d

---

D O U B L E D A Y  
P A G E & C O M P A N Y

34 Union Square, New York

---

---

**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

Form 410



